

No. XV

The 14th century.

A pretty long ride over the cultivated plain brought us to the village of Sakbaka, and a little further on we came to the largest pyramid of a group of about a dozen. It is built in five stages. The stones used in its construction are smaller than what we generally find in pyramids, and the outside ones are much decayed. The ascent to the top is easy, and the view fine,—the chief points of interest being Cairo with its citadel in the distance, the pyramids of Ghizeh (about nine miles off), and the extensive quarries on the opposite side of the river. Some tombs near this I found very interesting, the sculptures being remarkably good and not much defaced. They contained the names of several kings of the fourth and fifth dynasties. The limestone in which these tombs are excavated is for the most part so white and uninjured, and the colouring so fresh and clear, that it is a great pleasure to look on these pictured walls after the defacements to which we have got accustomed up the river. These tombs are also among the oldest that are known. Several contained the usual agricultural scenes—ploughing, sowing, reaping, treading out grain, winnowing and storing. There was a garden in one, and people hoeing about the plants. A man was climbing in the branches of a tree. A boy was tending a sling, apparently to frighten away birds. There were people sowing grain to domestic fowls; another was milking a cow. A bull was being treated in the way that Ramey treats wildhorses, his fore legs being tied up to his belly. Some cattle and birds were particularly well drawn. It would appear that the oxen was a domestic animal in those days, and cranes also. There were men cutting and carrying away papyrus. One had a sheaf of

travel much cheaper in Palestine a few years ago, but prices are rising there as everywhere else. For the above remuneration Ali agrees to provide me with food, lodging, means of transit, guides, and the ordinary necessities; while the guards are needed in unsafe places I am to pay extra. Two or three gentlemen travelling together would be taken at a lower rate, but I found it a great convenience to have a complete equipment of my own. I could then join with others or travel alone exactly as it suited me, and lay out my plans according to my own predilections.

April 4th.—The north wind still cools the air, and the weather is delightful. I rode about Cairo visiting monks and doing some shopping. I went also to the British Consulate with Ali Noor to get our agreement drawn out in Arabic, and ratified by the signature and seal of the contracting parties, and of the consulate. Then I went down with Mr. H. to the museum at Boulac. Among the recent additions is a fine sarcophagus of granite, which was being moved from the vicinity of the Pyramids when I was there two months ago. Shofa's name occurs on it frequently; and there is a peculiar ornament in the carving like what I saw in a tomb at Sak-kara,—derived apparently from two lotus leaves placed back to back. Noor and I went to the dashab to bid her new good-bye. We dined and bachelized all round, and left her all contented and happy. There was no end of shaking of hands and good wishes from the captain; and when I had mounted my donkey and was riding off, the old steersman came running after for a special shake, because (I suppose) I had given him a few shirins and spoken to him occasionally during the voyage. Though the Arabs are fro-

April 8th.—Weather still delightful.

AMERICA

GREAT BATTLE IN TENNESSEE.

General Bragg officially reports, under date of September 21:- "The enemy retreated on Chatsanooga, on night, leaving his dead and wounded on his hands. His force is very large, in men, artillery, small arms, and colours. Our force is heavy, but not yet ascertained. The victory is complete, and our cavalry is pursuing. With the blessing of God, our troops have accomplished great results against greatly superior numbers. We have to mourn the loss of many gallant officers. Brigadier-Generals Prestont Smith, Helm, and Deshler are killed; Major General Hood and Brigadier-Generals Adams, Gregg, and Brown are wounded.

A portion of General Meade's forces have crossed the Rapidan, and his cavalry have reached Orange Court-house. There were signs of a Confederate force, but no support was given by Gordonville. It is reported from Washington that the Federal cavalry occupied Gordonville on the night of the 23rd. There are rumours that the Confederate General Hill is at Fredericksburg, marching to flank General Meade, and cut off his communication. The opinion exists in military circles that no considerable portion of General Lee's army has been sent out of Virginia. The Richmond

engaged. Gold now touches 50 per cent. premium. The paper dollar has consequently depreciated one-third. Gold has stood higher than this before now, but it bodes ill for Mr. Chase's future financial arrangements that, just as the winning in the value of his paper currency should be so steadily and so progressively falling in value. The Government at Washington never needed a victory more than they do at present, and never was there less probability of their securing one. In Virginia a possible advance by Lee is occasionally spoken of, but it is now suggested that Meade is about to repeat the experiment in which his predecessors Burnside and Hooker failed. The lines held by the Confederates may be regarded as impregnable until an attack could be made by the army of the Potomac in Virginia. Therefore, the Government at Washington must look in vain for such success as would help to sustain their falling credit.

to follow a wife's advice, if it has been asked for in the first instance; and therefore I can make some allowance for the fix that Geoffrey got himself into. I should have been a little more watchful of the signs of procedure in my case, if I discovered that Geoffrey had been taken into custody there and then, and borne off bodily to the ridiculous inn-yard where the poor muck-racker and his wife must have been—the poor mild innocent lamb prattling into the den of the fox to ask for a coalition! I do not pretend to any political, or to any other genuine liberalism; but I do not think I have ever lost such a flat's trick as this. O, too, too, how the old political fog-treated him—just as you might have expected—got all his secrets out of him, and then snatched him away into instant imprisonment, leaving him self-humiliated that he was not "chawed up" as the apt. In this way, not only did the old fog get behind the scenes, so as to become initiated in the proceedings, but he also got the opportunity of coming in office, but he also had placed in his hands a very formidable weapon, with which when the proper time came to turn upon and to chastise the ill-advised decisions of the present, he could have done so. I waited patiently, with cool calculating judgment. There was no hurry about the old fix. He held on to his little episode until he could make it as comfortable as possible for himself. He was aware of what the full force of it would be, as he got the domestically interesting portion of it into his hands from him with a reticence, all his own, he kept it back until the force of popularity was at its height. Then Geoffrey found himself in vain battling with the current that was bearing him down in spite of all struggle.

THE MIDGE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. XIII.

And yet we see this feat performed with not only the most supreme indifference, but even with savage delight, by men who ought, for they are old enough,

In all official respect, I remain, Sir,
THEODORE AURELIUS MIDGE

(From the Times, Monday, October 26.)
The intelligence from America brought by the Europa extends from the 10th to the 17th of October, a week which has transferred the active movements of the war from the remote West almost to the gates of Washington. Of the two great armies of the North, one is shut in among the mountains of Chattanooga, and the other, by the late accounts, has been compelled to make a hurried retreat, first across the Appalachian, and then from its northern bank to Fairfax and Manassas Plains, thus again closing in on the Federal capital itself. The names of places made familiar by the earliest conflicts of the war again appear as the scenes of the most recent engagements. General Meade is at Chantilly, Centerville, and Fairfax, and his opponents "occupy the old battle-field of Bull Run." In the impending action the Federals are defeated, Washington itself will be threatened. This sudden change in the aspect of affairs must be more than embarrassing to the Government, which had just ordered a Day of Thanksgiving for the advantages, and the general and contingent blessings, which had grown out of the war. The President had been reminded that he had more reason to order a day of humiliation, and events seem to be giving increased force to the suggestion.

The sudden retreat of the Army of the Potomac northward has been forced on General Meade by the superior tactics of the Confederates. A few weeks ago the rival armies were confronting each other on the Rapidan in nearly equal force. It was not even suspected at the Federal headquarters that a whole corps was being detached from his army by General Lee to reinforce General Bragg on the southern frontier of Tennessee. The operation was perfectly concealed: Longstreet and his troops made their junction with the force under General Bragg unimpeded, and the result was the battle of Chickamauga, which has reduced the army of General Rosecrans to the perilous condition described by the latest reports. To explain the retreat of the Federal army of the Potomac it is necessary to refer to the movement which was the cause of such a disaster to Rosecrans. It has been exactly repeated, the reverse way, to the discomfiture of General Meade. The corps of General Longstreet, again detached from the main army of the west, appears to have rejoined General Lee, and enabled him to advance from the Rapidan, passing the right flank of the Federals, a movement which compelled their whole force to retire northward, across the Rappahannock, to the position it has now taken. Madison Courthouse, where the Confederates had concentrated their forces on the 10th, is about eighty miles from Washington, and during the three or four days following they continued their march northwards, gaining a position "considerably in the rear of the Federal right." In the advance they repulsed a Federal force sent to make a reconnaissance, and in what fighting there has been up to their occupation of the old battle-field of Bull Run they seem to have had the advantage. On the other hand, the retreat of the Federals was so hurried that they had to make the sacrifice of a beaten army, even without a battle. They could not carry away their heavier stores and supplies, but at Culpepper burnt everything that could not be "readily moved." This implies much more than it expresses, when it has to be done by an invading army retreating on the line by which it had advanced. It proves that the army is outmanoeuvred, and virtually defeated without fighting. Heavy reinforcements have now been ordered to the support of General Meade, but unless they are very near at hand time will hardly be allowed for them to arrive before the inevitable engagement. The city of Washington may send some troops in self-defence, but whether any large portion of the garrison of Baltimore could be spared is doubtful. The "loyalty" of Maryland requires a strong Federal force to sustain it. What troops there may be even in New York are almost too distant for the present emergency, so suddenly has the blow fallen.

In these last operations in Tennessee and Virginia the Confederate commanders have displayed a degree of military skill and a power of combining their force that the Federals have never been able to attain. The armies of General Lee and General Bragg, in Georgia and Northern Virginia, were more than four hundred miles apart in a straight line. Yet they co-operated with and supported each other with as much celerity as if they were engaged in one operation. A whole corps has been taken from one and added to the other with facility as great as if the main bodies had only been separated by the distance of a day's march. The immense advantage of railroads for the purpose of war has never yet been so signally proved as by the transfer of Longstreet's corps from Virginia to Tennessee, and aid in the defeat of Rosecrans, and back again, to enable Lee to make this advance so confidently. The troops thus twice moved from point to point must have traversed more than a thousand miles of road, some of the railway lines they took being circuitous. The possession of these lines has been an immense advantage to the Southerners, but it requires great strategical ability to turn even advantages to account. Lee and Longstreet could not refer to any operations of ancient war for precedents. To weaken an army in face of an enemy of equal force, to strengthen another five hundred miles distant, was hardly within the resources of old military science. It has not only been done, but repeated, and both movements have been successful. It is a remarkable achievement, and its importance is singularly illustrated by a complete contrast with it. Burnside was despatched to reinforce Rosecrans as soon as Longstreet's movement was ascertained. But the Federal General had no railway lines to move by. He struggled through a country either roadless or ill provided with the means of communication. He could not arrive in time to prevent the disaster of Chattanooga, was intercepted in the attempt, and his whole force tells for little in the present state of the war in Tennessee. The engagement he is stated to have fought near Greenville has only resulted in a heavy loss, to be added to that of the battle of Chickamauga, without visibly improving the position of Rosecrans, who is almost besieged among the mountains. He has a powerful army in his front, which can harass him by its artillery and yet avoid a battle, while strong bodies of cavalry are in his rear cutting off his communications and intercepting his supplies. It is a speculation whether he will have to capitulate or retreat. The former appears the more probable alternative. The Confederates have been able, it is said, to destroy the railways and cut the telegraph lines at several points between Chattanooga and Nashville, and they have taken a whole train of three hundred wagons, containing ammunition and supplies for the Federals—a heavy loss to an army beset in front and rear.

The rumours current in Washington on the 16th of a battle having actually been fought at

Bull Run, and of General Meade having been superseded in his command, only represent the feverish state of the public mind. Unless the President and his Cabinet have lost all common sense, they would not change their commander at such a crisis, nor select a civilian and "political" General like Sickles as his successor. Up to the 17th there had been no decisive engagement. The last blow has yet to be struck, and the Federals will have extraordinary good fortune if the third battle on the scene of two defeats reverses the associations connected with the ill-omened field of Bull Run.

THE FRANKFORT THUNDERBOLT.

(From Bell's Weekly Messenger, October 24.)
PEACEFUL men in Europe are undergoing another fright on account of that bogus—Slesvig-Holstein. And there is truly enough to make us all look grave. A committee of the Diet at Frankfort recommended a "Federal execution,"—that is, an armed occupation of Holstein, and that fitful body deliberately adopted the suggestion. A decree, therefore, went forth, in the name of Germany, that unless the King of Denmark dismembered his kingdom within three weeks, a slice of it was to be impounded, and his sovereignty put under trust. The natural resistance of Frederick Charles VII. against this violation, seemed only to enhance the interest of the operation. The "executioners" were duly appointed, and Hanover, ever foremost when there is any shred of independence to drag into the dirt, and Saxony, which on such occasions is seldom very backward, felt themselves honoured in being selected for the work. It is not often second and third rate German States get such a safe opportunity of reaping military glory. Denmark could scarcely bring a large army into the field; nay, it was possible she might bow to unscrupulous force, and make no other resistance than indignant protest; but, in any case, the comforting condition of the attack was this—that on the very first cry of distress, Austria and Prussia, like big bullies in a fight between pigmies, were to rush to the relief of their friends. They thus made war without the risk of losing, and success was chained beforehand to their chariot wheels.

The case a week ago seemed desperate. The long-looked-for crisis was at hand, and nothing apparently could save poor Denmark from her ruthless "executioners." Yet somehow we never could bring ourselves to realise the situation, or believe that easy-going Germany—encased in its inertia—would shake itself up into a real war for so absurd a sentiment. There is and always has been something hollow in this Slesvig-Holstein war cry. It is a spurious covering laid over many meanings. It is not what it purports to be. The German rulers have nursed it as a sort of testimonial in praise of themselves to be held up before their own subjects. In Prussia, in Austria, in Hanover, in Hesse Cassel, and elsewhere, it served to show the people how sensitively alive their Sovereigns were in the cause of freedom. Men were asked to shut their eyes to facts going on in their own houses, and look abroad into their neighbours' fields. They might have recollected that the King of Prussia was at the moment actually knocking the Constitution of his own subjects about their ears; that Austria was busy robbing Hungary of its old nationality, and was deaf to the claims of race and language in Venetia; that Hanover's King had only the other day suppressed the free charter with which a recent Sovereign had endowed her; and that a few months ago they beheld the Sovereign Duke of Hesse Cassel only restrained from stripping his subjects of every vestige of their political rights by the sight of the bayonet. But the pliant Teuton mind was expected to drop these untoward accidents out of memory, and to fix its admiring gaze upon Princes rustling sword in hand to conquer liberty for a land which happens at this moment to be more free perhaps than any spot in the whole Confederation. These cheap strokes for freedom dealt abroad at a State whose liberties their own subjects might envy were sponge-like to wipe out the consciousness of despotism at home. To us who live out of Fatherland this affected zeal for liberty on the part of her Princes is, of course, all moonshine; but, strange to say, the Germans themselves have fallen into the snare. It is truly a bad sign that a nation, which is undoubtedly making forward strides in the knowledge of its own constitutional liberty, should have such obscure vision in what relates to the liberty of its neighbours. A false kind of patriotism misleads, or rather perverts its judgment, and it cannot bring itself to condemn means which are to bring within the boundary of the Confederation that great object of desire to all Germans—a naval harbour in the Baltic. This Slesvig-Holstein aggression is only a mild fit of the American "Union" fever; it is a selfish feeling which overrules all objections against and justifies all efforts to obtain a daring object.

But within the last few days the visage of diplomacy looks less frowning, and we are all beginning to feel more comfortable again. The bolt which the effete authorities at Frankfort hurled with such an unwonted spasm of energy, threatens, like so many that have gone before, to dissolve in smoke. After making a prodigious noise and splutter, the hope dawns that it will be laid off, and put aside with the other failures. First and foremost among the well-meaning meddlers was, of course, our own Earl, carrying this time in his hand, not the usual stirring-up pole encrusted with brimstone and sulphur, but a thick wet blanket, with which he hoped to damp out the petulant fire, or at least to cool down the Diet to a temperature that would admit of the mediation of mutual friends. But this was not the only sign of disapproval coming from the Powers without. Sweden justly thought that her own interest was concerned when they were thus setting fire to her neighbour's house, and the result has been a defensive alliance between her and Denmark. Nor was Earl Russell's message to the Diet limited to advice. He ended by reminding them in no very soothing language that England was by treaty pledged to maintain the integrity of Denmark, and that neither she nor the other Powers partners to those Treaties could look on quietly and see that integrity destroyed. For Holstein itself neither Denmark nor her friends contend. That Duchy is an integral part of the Confederation; and there is no need for Germany to send an army there to enforce rights which are not denied. But Holstein is merely the pretence; the real aim is Slesvig, to which Holstein is the stepping-stone. Without Slesvig, Holstein is comparatively useless to German naval requirements; it only affords the southern shore of a harbour of which Slesvig forms the northern boundary. But such aggressive designs upon an old European monarchy must be put down; and it is clear from what has transpired that the Emperor Napoleon, if need be, will be found among the active supporters of Denmark. The occupation of Holstein by Confederate troops might be regarded as a domestic affair; but any

invasion of Slesvig would be forbidden, except in concert with those Powers which signed the arrangements made in London in 1852.

These sentiments of the powerful allies of Denmark in Northern Europe have had the effect of imparting something like freezing coldness to the wet blanket originally laid over the Frankfort Diet by Earl Russell. There seems to have been much healing virtue in these "cold applications." The fire-eating journals are taking up the psalm in a lower key, and public enthusiasm is shortening sail in all directions. Either the cause is not so sacred as it was, or the obstacles rising up in front of it make it look less charming. The people at Berlin, too, are beginning to suspect it is all a device of the Bismarcks to get a large army out of them in spite of parliamentary opposition. Then there is discussion in the media camp before the army has marched a mile against the enemy. The two "supporters," Austria and Prussia, are "nervous" about entering on a contest with England and France, and from their increasing animosity are daily becoming more incapable of acting together; while Saxony and Hanover are wrangling like two jealous *prime donne* who is to play the first part. Among all these hitches let us hope that the "execution" will slip away out of sight. So far as the Diet itself is concerned we may be prepared for stolid obstinacy, and we are scarcely surprised to hear that it is inclined to stick to its dangerous opinion. It will not be the fault of that unknown quantity which is still permitted to misrepresent the Confederation if mischief be not brewed, and it is impossible to predict to what steps it may ultimately blunder. In the meantime let there be no want of the "cold douche" on the part of Denmark's friends.

PRINCE CZARTORYSKI AND THE POLES.

THE following speech was addressed by Prince Czartoryski at the meeting in London, on the 21st of October, of the Committee of the National League for the Independence of Poland:

"Gentlemen,—Being in England for a few days I considered it my duty, as well as a great pleasure, to attend this meeting of the Committee of the National League for the Independence of Poland, in order to tender to you and to your president, for so many years past the devoted and talented friend and champion of my country, my own grateful acknowledgments, and the grateful acknowledgments of the National Government, for the warm and useful interest displayed in our cause by the establishment of the league. While I deeply thank you, I do not hesitate to claim for my country, and with honest pride to say, that we deserve and are entitled to your best services. Our cause, however, courts or cabinets or diplomats may trifle with or undervalue it, it is emphatically your own cause—the cause of order and civilisation, of all that is precious in the institutions and principles of the West. Poland is in arms for the vindication of her inalienable rights—the rights which God and her history, and, I may add, her services to Europe and to Christendom, have conferred upon her. Those rights represent individual liberty, political and religious equality before the law, justice rendered to all classes of the population, to Poles of all religions and persuasions, freedom of commerce, respect for the rights of property, and, in our relations with other nations, respect for the same rights as those which we claim for ourselves. Such are the principles of which the National Government has proclaimed itself the representative; and I need not remind any one who has closely followed its conduct, and still less yourself, gentlemen, how strictly it has acted in accordance with its professions. By so acting, though anonymous, it has become strong, and gained prompt and universal obedience, as expressing the aspirations of the country, and it is because it represents the idea of right and justice that the oppressor, notwithstanding his brutal power, strives in vain to destroy it. These gentlemen, are facts which it is difficult to reconcile with the statements of our enemies and their supporters—few, I am thankful to say—in England, calling in doubt the identification of the policy of the National Government with the principles to which alone it owes its existence, and which it has loudly and repeatedly proclaimed to the world. Having neither right nor truth on their side, they have recourse to perfidious insinuations, and especially to such as are most capable of deluding popular opinion in England. The assertion that our struggle for independence is not without an Ultramontane colour, is evidently a manoeuvre of this kind. It is easy to perceive the object of such an insinuation. Our enemies know well that nothing is so dear to the English people—and as I think most rightly so—as religious freedom. England's noblest sons have shed their blood for this precious good. To blacken the Polish cause from this point of view, and to represent our struggle for national, political, and religious freedom as a war of religion, seem to them a cleverly devised stratagem. Fortunately their accusations have fallen dead, and the sound judgment of public opinion in England has as yet received no complaint of persecution by the National Government from any Pole who does not profess the Roman Catholic religion. On the other hand, it still remembers the recent cruel imprisonment of the spiritual and temporal representatives of the Protestant and Jewish communities in Warsaw by the Muscovite authorities. The English people has never heard of proselytism by the Poles, but it knows well that five millions of Poles were forced by the Czar Nicholas, by means of every species of torture of mind and body, to enter the so-called orthodox Greco-Russian Church. Finally, it knows that the very people who in England dare to speak of religious freedom, at home strictly maintain a barbarous decree which imposes severe penalties on those who abandon the Greco-Russian faith, and force parents of different religions to bring up their children in the orthodox Church. Gentlemen, let us no longer waste time on these accusations, in which it is difficult to say which most moves our disgust—the groundlessness of the assertion, or the audacity with which it is made. Let us rather hope that these brief remarks and a reference to undeniable facts, will suffice to undeceive those who accepted the statements of our enemies in good faith. Let us hope that the statement of the truth in this matter will be accepted as affording a true measure of the general accuracy of the accusations of our enemies. Should you, however, at any time be in doubt with respect to any matter referring to Poland, I must beg you to read with attention the public documents published by the National Government, especially that of the 16th August last, in which you will find all the circumstances that helped to gain your sympathies confirmed. Allow me to add a few words regarding the peasants in Poland. I think it will be admitted on all hands that, however circumstances or the grossest misrepresentations may to a certain extent delay or vary the interest taken by the

peasants of certain districts in the insurrection, their treatment by the National Government has been fully in accordance with the principles which it represents. At the very beginning of the insurrection it proclaimed a measure which the Russian Government had never taken or contemplated—the grant to the peasants, not only of the land on which they work, but also of equal rights to those of the rest of the population. That the peasants have no complaint to make of the National Government, but, on the contrary, are often eager partisans of the national cause, is proved by the fact that in all the political executions, as well as on the battle fields of Poland, they are to be found in considerable numbers, fighting and dying by the side of nobles, priests, and artisans, for the freedom of their common country. There can be no doubt that the numbers of the peasants who fight in the ranks of the insurgents would immediately increase considerably were the National Government able to furnish them with arms. It is none the less true that an insurrection which has lasted for nine months in presence of the numerous Muscovite troops in Poland could not have maintained itself without the support of all the rural population. Gentlemen, with these few words, corroborative of your president's own written and eloquent addresses, I commit my country's cause, with thankful gratitude, to your support and advocacy in free and powerful England. We ask nothing of your noble country but what we fairly believe to be the very least that in honour and good faith, in a due regard for their own interest, character, and consistency, and upon every principle of justice she is bound to accord to us—namely, the withdrawal of her sanction of the domination of Russia over our country, and the recognition of our belligerent rights. We claim, as regards our past history, our century of oppression and suffering, our devotion to our country's freedom in our present and former struggles, at least all your moral sympathy and support, if you accord no more. To our own union, energy, and courage, and to Almighty and All-righteous God of Hosts, we trust for the rest.

FRENCH BALLOON ASCENT.

M. EUGENE ARNOULT, one of the passengers in M. Nadar's balloon, writes as follows to the Paris *Nation*:—"Hanover, Tuesday, October 20th. My dear Editor,—You saw us leave the Champ de Mars on Sunday. You were a witness of the majestic ascent of the *Geant* rising into the air amidst the applause of the crowd. They cried to us from below, 'Bon voyage.' Alas! At nine o'clock at night we were at *Equinoxes*; we passed over Malines, and towards midnight we were in Holland. We rose up very high, but it was necessary to come down again to see where we were. Ignorant of that our position was a critical one. Below, as far as we could see, were marshes, and in the distance we could hear the roar of the sea. We threw out ballast, and mounting again soon lost sight of the earth. What a night! Nobody slept, as you may suppose, for the idea of falling into the sea had nothing pleasant about it, and it was necessary to keep a look-out in order to effect, if necessary, a descent. My compass showed that we were going towards the east; that is to say, towards Germany. In the morning, after a frugal breakfast made in the clouds, we descended. An immense plain was beneath us, the villages appeared to us like children's toys—rivers seemed like little rivulets—it was magical. The sun shone splendidly over all. Towards eight o'clock we arrived near a great lake—there I found out our bearings, and announced that we were at the end of Holland, near the sea. We were compelled to think of landing in order to take in a little ballast. Unhappily the heavens made us forget the earth, over which we were so violent that in a few minutes our anchors, enormous fulcrums of iron, were broken. The valves were shut, and the balloon, which could carry no longer, began a giddy career. We rose from twenty to thirty metres, and fell with incredible force. Little by little the balloon ceased to rise and the car fell upon its side. Then began a furious, disordered race; all disappeared before us—trees, thickets, walls, all broken or burst through by the shock; it was frightful. Sometimes it was a lake, in which we plunged; a bog, the thick mud of which entered our mouths and our eyes. It was maddening. 'Stop, stop!' we shouted, enraged with the monster who was dragging us along. A railway was before us—a train passing; it stopped at our cries, but we carried away the telegraphic posts and wires. An instant afterwards we perceived in the distance a red house; I see it now; the wind bore us straight for this house. It was death for all, for we should be dashed to pieces. No one spoke. Strange to say, of those nine persons, one of whom was a lady, who were clinging to a slender screen of osier, for whom every second seemed counted—not one had any fear. All tongues were mute; all faces were calm. Nadar held his wife, covering her with his body. Poor woman! Every shock seemed to break her to pieces. Jules Godard then tried and accomplished a sublime act of heroism. He clambered up in the setting, the shocks of which were so terrible that three times he fell on my head; at length he reached the cord of the valve, opened it, and the gas having a way of escape the monster ceased to rise, but still it shot along in a horizontal line with prodigious rapidity. There were we squating down upon the frail osier car. 'Take care!' we cried, when a tree was in the way; we turned from it, and the tree was broken; but the balloon was discharging its gas, and, if the immense plain we were crossing had yet a few leagues, we were saved. But suddenly a forest appeared in the horizon; we must leap out at whatever risk, for the car would be dashed to pieces at the first collision with those trees. I got down into the car, and rising myself I know not how—for I suffered from a wound in my knee—my trousers were torn; I jumped, and made I know not how many revolutions, and fell upon my head. After a minute's dizziness I rose. The car was then far off. By the aid of a stick I dragged myself to the forest, and having gone a few steps I heard some groans. Saint Felix was stretched on the soil frightfully disfigured—his body was one wound. He had an arm broken, the chest dislocated, and an ankle dislocated. The car had disintegrated; his wife had fallen into the water. Another companion was shattered. We occupied ourselves with St. Felix and Nadar and his wife. In trying to assist the latter I was nearly drowned, for I fell into the water and sank. They picked me up again, and I found the bath had done me good. By the assistance of the inhabitants the salvage was got together. Vehicles were brought; they placed us upon straw. My knees bled; my limbs and head seemed to be like mince meat; but I did not lose my presence of mind an instant, and for a second I felt humiliated at looking from the trunk of straw at those clouds

which in the night I had had under my feet. It was in this way we reached Ruthem, in Hanover. In seventeen hours we had made nearly two hundred and fifty leagues. Our course *Journal* had covered a space of three leagues. Now that it is over I have some shudders. It does not signify; we have made a good journey, and I marvel to see with what indifference we may regard the most frightful death, for besides the prospect of being the sea, and how long should we have lived then? I am glad to have seen this—happier yet at having to narrate it to you. These Germans who surround us are brave people, and we have been as well cared for as the resources of the little spot will allow."

The *Journal de Charleville* publishes the following letter, giving very precise information with regard to the passing over *Equinoxes* of the balloon:—"Equinoxes, October 19th.—Sir,—Last night (Sunday), towards midnight, Pourbaix, the postman, and Collard, the Custom-house officer, on duty at the terminus of *Equinoxes*, gave themselves up, for the want of something better, to the pleasures of meditation, when an event of the strangest nature cut short their reflections. The horizon, which an instant before was clear and starry, appeared to them to become suddenly obscure, and they thought they saw advancing, under the impulse of a rapid power, a large cloud, black and opaque, which stopped its course above them, and they descended to the ground. When it had got about 200 metres above the buildings of the station, the two witnesses of this mysterious spectacle were in the greatest astonishment at perceiving, sustained by invisible cords, an object which they took for a railway carriage. Surprised, frightened, fascinated, not being able to understand by what impossible circumstance a carriage of the Northern Company could suspend itself in the air, and prepared to attribute so misplaced a pleasure to some genius hostile to the railway and custom-house, they were about to hurry to their chiefs to inform them of the incident, when a clear and sonorous voice reached them from the supposed carriage, and asked them—'What department are we in?' The postman and the custom-house officer, being taken for a cloud was nothing but a balloon of gigantic dimensions, carrying an immense car, replied, 'At *Equinoxes*, Belgium.' They then heard a conversation among the aerial travellers upon the situation of the locality, which ended in their receiving thanks from above. The incident was over for the railway employes, but the custom-house officer, who had resumed his presence of mind, and who never loses sight of the requirements of his service, made a trumpet of his two hands, and shouted, 'Everybody stays here for the visit of the custom-house officer!' This remark was received by the occupants of the car with laughter, and without attending to the invitation they went off in the direction of Louvain."

A letter in the Paris *Temps* says:—"All the travellers in the 'Geant' are at the Union Hotel in Hanover. The whole town sympathises with them. Most kind enquiries have been made by the King. The French Minister, M. Ferrière, who is on the point of leaving for the Court of Belgium, to which he is accredited, has had the kindness to send Madame de Ferrière's own lady's maid to nurse Madame Nadar. The only three of the party compelled to keep their beds are M. and Madame Nadar and M. de Saint Felix. M. Jules Godard, to whose courage and intelligence the travellers owe their lives, has left for Paris. M. Thirion, M. Arnould, and M. de Montgolfier remain at the hotel. The state of M. Nadar and his wife, although happily, there is no great gravity in the hurts they have received, causes a good deal of anxiety, and requires great care on the part of their medical advisers. They are both in a high state of nervous excitement, and this story which they have given repetitions of their story which they have given within the last three or four and twenty hours to many visitors. It is feared, although it has not yet been thought desirable to ascertain the fact positively, that there may be a fracture in M. Nadar's right leg. Both his legs are kept motionless and enclosed in dextrine apparatus. Madame Nadar, who exhibits extraordinary fortitude, requires extreme care. It may be truly said that there is scarcely a part of her body which is not the seat of a contusion, and some of them are considerable. Fortunately, there are no positive wounds. She did split blood the first two days, but now that symptom has entirely ceased. When the balloon came down she was entangled in the car by her dress, and it took several men three quarters of an hour to dig her out, and cut away the parts of the car which pressed upon her. It is hoped that in a few days the arrival of all the party in Paris will dispel the anxiety felt on their account." The above narrative in regard to Madame Nadar conflicts with that sent to the *Nation* by M. d'Arnould, one of her fellow-travellers, who said the fall of the car into a pond. Such is the uncertainty of ocular testimony! Dr. Richard has sent the following telegraphic despatch from Hanover, dated yesterday morning half-past eight:—"It is quite a miracle that they were not all killed. All are more or less bruised, but are going on well. The only one whose case presents a certain amount of gravity is M. Saint Felix, but even he will soon be about again. They are all here, and are carefully attended to by Dr. Muller, physician to the king, and member of the Faculty of Paris, consequently my presence here was altogether unnecessary."

ARCHBISHOP WHATLEY.

(From the Athenaeum, October 17th.)

RICHARD WHATLEY, twenty-second Archbishop of Dublin since the Reformation, closed, on Thursday last week, at the patriarchal age of seventy-seven, a life characterised by rare philanthropy and full of the most thorough evidences of pastoral and literary activity. Dr. Whatley, although the ruler of an Irish see, was not a native of Ireland. He first saw the light in London; and his father, who was a Prebend of Bristol, and the Chaplain of the English family as old as the Cheviot Hills. Richard Whatley, under the care of Dr. Copleston, afterwards Bishop of Landaff, received his education at Oriel College, Oxford, of which, in 1819, he became a Fellow. During this year he made his debut as an author, by publishing "Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte." "Some sensible remarks," he remarks, "have complained of the difficulty of determining what they are to believe. Of the existence of Buonaparte, indeed, they remained fully convinced; nor, if it were left doubtful, would any important results ensue; but if they can give no satisfactory reason for their conviction, how can they know, it is asked, that they may not be mistaken as to other points of greater consequence, on which they are not fully convinced, but on which all men are less

agreed." This pamphlet—written to ridicule the German Neology—was a logical joke, but the writer soon unfolded other and more important "doubts," which were regarded as no joke by theological critics and censors. The latter remark, however, does not apply to his erudite commentary on the "Predestination" of Archbishop King, which appeared in 1821; nor to the eight Bampton Lectures which, in the following year, he preached before the University—"On the Use and Abuse of Party Feeling in Matters of Religion." Ere the year was out, he had a pulpit of his own to preach in, and a parish wherein to practise what he preached. Mr. Whatley became, in 1822, pastor of Haverhill, in Suffolk. He was much attached to his flock, and several years after dedicated a book to them "for auld lang syne." About the same time he married the daughter of W. Pope, Esq., of Hillingdon, Middlesex. Of his sermons and theological essays by far the ablest is his "Disquisition on the Difficulties in the Writings of St. Paul and in other Parts of the New Testament." This was succeeded, in 1823, by "Scripture Revelations on a Future State," but it is with his "Manual of Logic," that Dr. Whatley's name will be, among the general reading public, inseparably associated. This book, although violently abused in the *Edinburgh Review*, as Lord Byron was also, has long been regarded as a standard performance. Of his work on Rhetoric the same can be said; and as an editor of Bacon Dr. Whatley displayed vigour and ability. On, as we have reason to know, the unflinching suggestion of Lord Grenville, Mr. Whatley, who, in 1825, President of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, and Professor of Political Economy, Savoy, essays followed, in which he successfully strove to popularise the subject of political economy, and to combat those prejudices which represented it as unfavourable to religion.

Dr. William Magee, a celebrated Archbishop of Dublin, who, at his primary vocation, pronounced the Roman Catholics to have a religion without a church, died in 1831, and Dr. Whatley was called upon to succeed the antithetical prelate, one of whose last speeches was that "Romanism, wallowing in the slough of slavish superstition, made politics their religion, and religion their politics." Dr. Whatley adroitly avoided the rock on which his predecessor's popularity had been wrecked; sedulously attended to the one safe rock on which Christ built his church; and instead of ejaculating at the antithesis to form in the heart of too susceptible Ireland, he besought Protestants and Roman Catholics "to lay aside all internecine, and abstain from branding each other as persecuting bigots or as lukewarm latitudinarians, nor rashly to attribute to their opposites motives which they disavow." It was some years ere Dr. Whatley was forgiven an offence which the Irish clergy and people considered, at first, a grievous one—that of being an Englishman; but the generous rule of Lord Carlisle, and the genial pastorate of Dr. Whatley, have taught them that it is possible for those born elsewhere to be true and zealous friends of Ireland. Some years ago, Dr. Whatley, at a public dinner in Dublin, answered, in his own quaint way, the political clap-net of "Ireland for the Irish." "I have always desired to repress that narrow, provincial spirit," he said, "that would separate Ireland from Ireland, county from county, one portion of the British empire from the other. Two eminent prelates, raised to the bench of Bishops in England, are natives, not of Great Britain, but of Barbadoes. Suppose the narrow feeling had been nourished of Barbadoes for the Barbadians, could these prelates ever have attained their high dignity?"

Urged by the motives to which we have already referred, Dr. Whatley founded and endowed the chair of Political Economy in Trinity College, Dublin. In one sense he handsomely failed to practise what he preached. Constantly inculcating principles of economy, and possessing an income of over £7000 a year, he dispensed the great bulk of it in acts of gracious charity; and it highly redounds to the credit of this eminent prelate, that while five of his favourite chaplains have become bishops, Dr. Whatley used the patronage in his gift with such little attention to rank and station that his only son is the rector of St. Werburgh's, one of the poorest parishes in Dublin.

Archbishop Whatley's rule in Ireland was one of considerable liberality; and for more than twenty years he was a daily hard worker in promoting Lord Derby's successful scheme of National Education. In 1853, the publication of a manifesto from Dr. Cullen and his suffragans, condemning a book of Dr. Whatley's used in the schools, led to its withdrawal by the commissioners; and it may be added, that Dr. Whatley withdrew with his book and never since sat at the board.

Dr. Whatley published, before he became a bishop, a learned polemical work, "The Errors of Romanism," which he dedicated to Blane White. One of the Archbishop's last republications was, "A Preparation for Death," being the Twelfth Lecture on the Death of the Scripture Revelations concerning a Future State. Besides the performances above enumerated, Dr. Whatley wrote on Poor Laws, Tithes, Transportation, Secondary Punishments, and published numerous educational works for youth, with an immense number of Charges addressed to the Clergy of the Dioceses of Dublin, Glendalough and Kildare.

We have only to add, that the Archbishop's views on predestination were smartly attacked, recently, in a pamphlet, by a Calvinistic layman, who confessed that he could not comprehend the grounds of his own belief. With regard to the Archbishop's successor, the Dublin *Evening Mail*, in an admirable review of the late prelate's life and character, remarks:—"The public will be loth to believe that, while Archbishop Whatley was expiring, a Court of Claims was sitting upon the competing pretensions of rival churchmen, and that his high office was actually given away while he was living. A great and unusual scandal like this would not tend to reconcile the Church and the public to otherwise odious appointments. It has been said and believed for some weeks that the award of Government is simply that the Bishop of Kilmore (Dr. Verschoyle) succeeds to the see of Dublin; the Bishop of Killaloe (Dr. Fitzgerald) goes to Kilmore; and the Dean of the Chapel Royal (Dean Graves) receives the mitre of Killaloe! Even the rumoured announcement of such a series of appointments [says the *Mail*] will be received with the profoundest disquietude by the Church and the Protestant people of Ireland."

The last idea of Paris is a plan in silhouette of the whole of Europe, not in maps or models, but actually raised out of the ground. A garden is to be set out for the modeller, who, taking "Mont Blanc" as a type, has his point de départ, is to raise in the foreground around the feet of the mountains of Europe, the scene into their proper places, and interest the whole with roads, canals, railways, and telegraphs. A whole world, to consist of the moon, and represent the whole of the world, will be a geographical garden, and "he who runs may read."

Advertisements and other notices in the right margin.

Oilmen's Stores.
500 Packages
New and Attractive Goods.

Now landing.

Auction Sale, **TUESDAY, 5th January.**

M. R. W. DEAN will sell by auction
Warehouse, Pitt and O'Connell streets
TUESDAY, 5th January, at 11 o'clock,
600 cases oilmen's stores, new landing.

Terms at sale.

On account of whom it may concern.
Mauritius Sugars.
Ex *Amateur* and *Alert* from Mauritius.
More or less damaged.

M. R. W. DEAN will sell by auction
Warehouse, Pitt and O'Connell
TUESDAY, 5th January, at 11 o'clock,

On TUESDAY, 29th Dec., at 11 o'clock,
A large quantity of Russian sugar
Ex the above vessel, more or less damaged by sea.
Particulars in future advertisements.
Terms, cash.

Land at Coogee.
Ocean Frontage.

For Sale by Auction, TUESDAY, 29th Decem-

M R. W. DEAN is instructed to sell by auction, at his Warehouse, Pitt and O' streets, on **TUESDAY, 23rd December**, immediately after the close of business, the following:

One allotment at Coogee Bay, 9 acres of land, 17 of section 3, of Government plan, D. 1561. This is a fine building site, with frontage.

Terms at sale.

Important and attractive Sale of Choice Congou Teas.
In Chests, Halfs, and Boxes.
The balance of Cargos.
For unreserved Sale by Auction.
By order of Messrs. Brown and Co.


On **TUESDAY, 5th January:**
To Grocers, Tea Dealers, Country Buyers, Merchants, and others.

M R. W. DEAN has been favoured with instructions from the importers, Messrs. Brown and Co., to sell by auction at his Warehouse, Pitt and O'Connell streets, on **TUESDAY, 5th at 11 o'clock,**

Large parcels of fine selected congon tea, balance of cargo.

Terms at sale.

THURSDAY, 31st December.

 Preliminary Notice.
To Saddlers, Saddleseppers, and others.
Now Landing ex Duncan Dumber, and Granite

HENRY CHATTO and CO. have received instructions from the importers to sell by auction, at their Rooms, on THURSDAY, 31st 11 o'clock,
Invoices of first-class English saddlery.
Full particulars in a future issue.

WEDNESDAY, 30th December.

To Stationers
To Printers and others.

GENERAL STATIONERY and PAPER

HENRY CHATTO & CO. have re-
ceived instructions from the importers to
auction, at their Rooms, on **WEDNESDAY, 30th**
at 11 o'clock,
Invoices of general stationery, printing and
papers,
Just landed, ex Duncan Dunbar and Granite Cl
prising
Coloured duty
Blue laid foolscap
Green laid ditto
Large blue wove post
Large blue laid ditto
Blue wove medium, ruled flat
Imperial broads, 45, 45 1/2, 55, and 60 lbs.
Elephant ditto, 55 and 60 lbs.
Royal ditto, 25 lbs.
Purple royal ditto, 32 lbs.
Royal hand, 36 lbs.
Bag cap, 20 and 25 lbs.
Double double duty news

Printing paper, 13, 36, and 36 lbs.
Cartridge paper, cream laid letter paper
Small hand, tinted card
Cream laid note paper
Bliss were watermarked post
Bliss laid bookends 12, 13, 14 lb.
Double ditto, 29 lb
Assorted books, account
Bankers' envelopes
Writing books, 14, 16, 18 inch
Bookbinders' straps and cloth
Walke's black ink
Drawing pencils, memorandum books
Double-safety envelopes, sealing wax
Magnetum-bottom and copy pens
Rulers, glass instants, etc., etc.
Terms at sale.

Without the slightest reserve.
To close various accounts.
JOHN G. COHEN, Auctioneer.
To close Accounts.
To Ironmongers and others.

JOHN G. COHEN will sell, at the
Auction Rooms, on **TUESDAY, 29th**
Decr, 1863, at 11 o'clock precisely,
The undersigned good, complete, *viz.*
Beam and scale, complete, scale beams
Axe boxes, weighing machines
Wrought iron, parliament, and table hinges
Wrought iron meat scales, mangle jack, &c.
Terms at sale.

TUESDAY, 29th December, 1863.

Valuable Christmas Presents and New Year's

JOHN G. COHEN has been favoured with instructions from the Importers to sell at the **Bank Auction Rooms, on TUESDAY, 29th March 1863, at 11 o'clock precisely,** Invoices of the undermentioned goods, viz.

Mother of pearl goods
Articles of vertu, toys
Paper mache cases, dressing cases, &c.
Fanciful travelling bags, portemonnaies
Bottles, gloves, buttons
Chambers and draughtsmen (G. Chambers and Co.)
Terms at sale.

Positively Unreserved Auction Sale of
Backware
Ivory Goods
and **China** **&c.**

To Fanny Warehousmen
To Bookmakers
And the Trade.

JOHN G. COHEN will sell, at the
Auction Rooms, on **TUESDAY, 29th Dec**
1863, at 11 o'clock precisely,
Invoices of the undermentioned goods, viz. :-

BASKETWARE
Baby linen, paper work, and travelling baskets,
picnic, painting, garden benches, table mats,
children's wicker chairs, and a great variety of
fish and foreign baskets.

IVORY GOODS, BILLIARD TABLES
London-made billiard balls
Solid ivory fluted chessmen, as used in the
and Paris clubs
Solid ivory hair brushes
Cruicifixes, fine specimens of English carving, in

Hand-made Ivory neck chains
Leather baggamon boards
Tooth brushes, Indurberum tall combs
Variety of other goods too numerous to detail.
No more goods at this time.
Terms at sale.

NEW Negrohead Tobacco,
Sailors' Solace.

Auction Sale, at Towns' Bonded Store, WEDNESDAY
next, 30th December, 1863, at 11 o'clock precise.

Important
To Tobacco Merchants
To Tobaccoists
To Grocers
To Country Storekeepers
And the Trade generally.

JOHN G. COHEN has received instr

to sell by auction, at Towns' Bonded Store,
WEDNESDAY, 30th December, 1906, at 11
precisely,
On account of whom it may concern,
Ex Orem,
10 half-threes negrohead twist tobacco, and
Towns at sale.

roy au/nla news-page?

